

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RECENT POETRY.

BLANID. By ROBERT D. JOYCE. 12mo, pp. 249. Roberts Brothers.**FRIAR ANSELMO, AND OTHER POEMS.** By JULIA R. COLE. 12mo, pp. 178. Charles Scribner's Sons.**ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC, AND OTHER POEMS.** By ETHELL LILLY BLEES. 12mo, pp. 352. Porter & Coates.**AMERICAN POEMS.** 12mo, pp. 455. Houghton, Osgood, & Co.**POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.** Chosen and Edited by MATTHEW ARNOLD. 12mo, pp. 315. Macmillan & Co.

The remarkable composition entitled "Deirdre," which received so wide and so favorable a reception from the public when first printed several months since, has brought the genius, if not the name, of the author, before a large circle of appreciative lovers of poetry in this country. In the volume now issued he has found a congenial theme in an ancient British legend which affords an admirable opportunity for the exercise of rare powers of poetical narrative and illustration. Blanid, the heroine of the story, is a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man, who has refused an offer of marriage from several of the princes of Western Europe, but at length "she falls in love with Culhulin, the son of her father's most formidable enemy. The discarded lovers enter into a league for the conquest of the beautiful maiden, and having elected Culhulin the leader of the expedition, lay siege to the fortress of the Isle of Man, which they sack and reduce to subjection. In the distribution of the spoils, Blanid falls to the lot of Curoi, Prince of South Munster, who bears away his lovely prize with the joy of a conqueror. He is pursued by Culhulin, the favorite son, who is vanquished in a fight near the mountains of Blanca, and Curoi retains the possession of the winsome maiden. After a short interval the lovers meet again; a plot is formed for the slaying of Curoi; it proves successful and Culhulin regains the possession of his love. The plot at length is brought to a tragic close; an ancient minister of Curoi pursues the happy pair; and in the early bloom of love's young dream, makes a prisoner of Blanid while present at a hunting-feast and throws himself with her over the verge of a great rock into the sea where they are lost forever.

The description of the knightly conflict, in which Culhulin and Curoi do battle for the possession of their love, is in the author's happiest style, and affords an attractive specimen of the vigor and point which, for the most part, characterize the execution of the work:—

tures which always summon the brightest gifts of the writer, and call forth the deepest sympathies of the reader:—

EVENTIDE.

Whenever, with reverent footstep,
I pass through the mystic door
Of Memory's stately palace,
With steps slow and gay & sore,
Seems like a bygone vision,
Comes to me over and over.

It is a dim, fire-lighted chamber;
There are pictures on the wall,
And around them dance the shadows;
Grotesque and weird and tall,
At the flame of the stately hearthstone
Waves and sighs are talk.

A silent sentinel stands there,
That came from over the seas,
With a breath of spicy odors;
Caught from the Indian breeze;
And its faint dreams of mouldings
Are like the softest of sericas.

It is a dim, old chimney in the corner,
Straight-backed and tall and quaint;

Ah! I am a generation—
Summer and sun and sand—
It hath held in its ample bosom
With mournful no complaint!

In the glow of the fire-light playing,
There are pictures on the wall,
With the music of their laughter
Fill all the tranquil air;—
A rosy, brownish haze,
A boy serenely fair.

A woman sits in the shadow
Watching the fire in the twin,
With a smile and a gentle tend—
It is near akin to pain,

And a smile and a gentle sweet—
Suns and April rain!

Her heart keeps time to the rhythm
Of loved names and prayer,

She sits and holds him closely folded,

Six sisters, unaware,
Through all the children's laughter
For a footfall on the stair.

I know the woman who sits there;
Time hath been kind to her,

And the years have brought her treasures

Richer, prettier, and rarer,
Than life's young roses were.

But I doubt if ever her spirit,
Hath known, or yet shall know,

The joys of a happy hour,

As the swift years come and go,

Like the heart's glow!

Another little poem drawn from a similar source touches a tender chord both by its sweetness of expression and the pleasant surprise of its close:—

MY LOVERS.

I have four loves,
Young and old, to the day and night,

And in all the land he can find

Hath a softer troupe than they!

And never more, charmed
By the beauty of their looks,

Knew sweeter, purer home—
Than my loves pay to me!

One of my noble lovers

Is set poised, thoughtful man,

Graevy, grave, severely earnest,

Strong to do, and in the plain!

And another, bold and sunny,

Pure as crystal, true as steel,

With a soul resounding ever

When the truth makes high appeal:

And another of my lovers,

Bright and debonaire is he,

Handsome, bold, and tender,

And the flower of course!

Last of all, an eager student,

With long, intent eyes,

Merry here and there, sweet

In his innocent boyishness!

But the truth makes high appeal:

And another of my lovers,

Heal me, and dear, and true,

And her heart to choose refuses,

Fray, what can a woman do?

All my soul, for this is thine ye,

I may not, I may not, I may not,

That I know not which is dearest,

I come not, that is best!

I come to win back thy mitigation,

My own, own, own, the hand of Man!"

"Then I took his girdle with ready dyed

On the best blood," said Curoi, "and to him

At a knight with the word foremost! Her eyes

Show the light, the fire, the will, the way,

Look her in the eye, look her in the eye,

Over the green grass, and ached his neck and nighed,

And with his jangling bridle clanged and played!

He smil'd upon the bright and Soaring Bird,

High prince of Beiran, of the stranger said:

At the voice with due, and said,

She where'er Pan's trumpet sounds, of Banior's heard,

That shield is known! But by what black weird led

Comes strong Dan Daigan's price across my path?"

"I come," Culhulin cried in rising wrath,

Then knew the chieftain his steed and Soaring Bird,

High prince of Beiran, of the stranger said:

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